

How to Catch A Ferocious Spitter

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Summary: There are many different breeds of Dragons in the Barbaric Archipelago, and Hiccup's come in contact with almost all of them - here, he meets one of the more temperamental dragons - the Ferocious Spitter.

How to Catch A Ferocious Spitter

"Take that dragon of yours and go hunting." My dad ordered
.

Toothless looked up at the chieftain, releasing the mouse that he'd caught between his talons. Shifting his gaze to me, he whined. "Do w-w-we have to-o-o?"

Without even answering, I scooped the tiny dragon up and bolted out the door.

I knew that my father was mad again. Toothless, despite his size, was going through another one of his destructive streaks. This time, he'd chased a flock of sheep clear off Death's Head Headland. Stoick was livid because that particular flock had been for shearing, and he now had to break it to the rest of the village that winter that year was going to be plowed through without any wool.

We wandered aimlessly around the forest. I had taken to kicking around a good sized rock, and Toothless was chasing a smallish lizard.

"Kill it, Toothless," I hissed in Dragonese.

"W-w-why?" the dragon hissed back, deliberately allowing the reptile to escape for good.

"Because if we don't come back with some kind of kill, dad will skin us both."

Toothless glanced back at me. "Y-y-your on you'r-r-re own-n." he said, trotting into some low bushes, out of sight.

I moaned, following the little dragon.

"Come on, Toothless," I said. "Get back here!"

"W-why sh-sh-should Toothless? Chief only y-y-ells at Toothless. Alw-w-ways mean. Toothless c-c-can never d-d-do any-"

I couldn't hear or see my dragon after that. I stumbled through the brush, which was now above my head, until I broke through to a small clearing.

I stopped, staring at the creature that Toothless was growling at. I wasn't sure if it was a trick of the light, or if the golden dragon itself was responsible for the light. Its scales dazzled like golden topaz.

It was gazing calmly at Toothless from behind the dark marks around its eyes.

"Toothless, get back here," I ordered, fully aware that the topaz dragon could eat Toothless in a single gulp; Toothless, however, seemed to think he was much bigger than he actually was, because he did move, but it only made me even more uneasy " Toothless had taken a running start at the larger dragon.

Now, it wasn't a truly huge dragon. It was about the size of a small emu, standing on its only two legs, its wings folded patiently at its side. But it was still bigger than either of us. So, naturally, it didn't seem the least alarmed.

It only gave a swish of its tail as Toothless leapt at it, sending my dragon flying halfway across the clearing back at me.

I froze as the dragon's piercing yellow eyes fell upon me.

"What are you staring at?" it hissed.

"Nothing," I said, quickly looking away, my attention now on the Unconscious Toothless behind me. I knelt down and laid a hand on the small creature, realizing that he really had passed out from the blow " his skin temperature had dropped considerably.

My skin prickled as a growl came from behind me. "What's that supposed to mean?" it growled, snapping its jaws.

"I wasn't looking at you," I answered calmly, adding an "I'm sorry," for good measure.

"Why not?" it roared, puffing itself up and extending its wings.

When it's said that someone's voice is dripping with venom, it usually means that the hate in that person's voice is very clear. But in the case of the dragon that I was talking to, it's safe to say that its voice was dripping with venom, not only figuratively, but physically as well. When I turned to make sure the creature was still a safe distance behind me, I saw that a green, mucus like goop was

dribbling from the sides of its jaws.

The topaz dragon jerked its head forward. It was so subtle, so quick, that one might have missed it. But a split second after the almost non-existent movement of the dragon's head, I felt a wet splat against the front of my tunic. I looked down to find a slippery mass of the same green goop slowly sliding down my chest.

It had _spit_ on me. I wiped the mess to the ground with my hand and looked back up to the dragon. It had lowered its head and was taking small steps toward me.

I picked Toothless up again and backed away, shaking my hand. I had noticed a funny tingling sensation in my fingers where I'd touched the venom, like I'd slept on it funny.

I threw Toothless around my shoulders. At the opposite end of the clearing, there was a nice big tree with some low branches. Seeing as the Topaz dragon didn't have any forearms, I figured I could climb the tree, sneak into the depths of the branches and we'd be safe.

There was a pounding from behind. I looked over my shoulder to see the topaz dragon charging at me, head down, horns horizontal in an attempt to impale me as I stumbled to safety.

I outstretched my arms as everything started to blur. I estimated the tree to be a mere few feet in front of me.

As I started to climb the large oak, I brought my foot down on the first branchâ€|only to find that it was actually still a yard in front of me.

I plummeted to the ground, lying flat in the grass.

The thunderous pounding grew louder as the topaz dragon advanced on me. I could just see the golden talons rush past my face, missing me by inches. Then there was a dull thud, and many angry swears in Dragonese, which I will not repeat here.

Once I regained my senses, I stumbled to my feet, rubbing the effects of the venom from my eyes so as to right my vision. Toothless still lay limp around my shoulders, though I could now feel the warmth from the dragon's small body.

The Topaz Spitter was trashing madly, its head still bowed. The dragon's great silver horns were lodged securely in the trunk of the tree that I had missed.

Still slightly disoriented, I took my dragon and left the clearing. I thought perhaps hunting wasn't all that important right then.

But then again, that probably wasn't the most orthodox way to catch a Ferocious Spitter, either, was it?

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